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THE

*J. H. Hewitt*

VALLEY OF THE NASHAWAY:

483  
3210

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

RUFUS DAWES.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY CARTER & HENDEE.

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WAITT & DOW'S PRINT....*Boston.*

Gift  
Mrs. E. R. Poole

Dec. 18, 1928



TO GEORGE LUNT, ESQ.

This volume is respectfully dedicated,

By his Friend,

RUFUS DAWES.

Poor Rufus! Like all of the poets of America  
his name is written in the sand. The beauty  
the ideal was his — but no one could feel  
as he felt, and he lived until he died.

J. H. H.








## VALLEY OF THE NASHAWAY.

16 The queen of May has bound her ~~virgin~~ brow,  
And ~~hung~~ with blossoms every fruit-tree bough;  
The sweet Southwest, among the early flowers,  
45 Whispers the coming of delighted hours,  
While birds, within the heaping foliage, sing  
Their music-welcome to returning Spring.

Oh, Nature! loveliest in thy green attire,  
Dear mother of the passion-kindling ~~lyre~~; <sup>ian</sup>  
Thou, who in early days, upled'st me ~~where~~  
The mountains ~~freeze~~ above the Summer air;  
Or lured'st my ~~wandering~~ way beside the streams,  
To ~~watch~~ the bubbles as they mocked my dreams,  
Lead me ~~again~~, thy flowery paths among,  
To sing of native scenes, as yet unsung!

Sweet NASHAWAY! thy fond remembrance brings  
Thoughts, like the music of Æolian strings,





When the hushed wind breathes only, as it sleeps,  
While tearful Love his anxious vigil keeps :—  
When pressed with grief, or sated with the show,  
That Pleasure's pageant offers here below,  
Mid'st scenes of heartless mirth or joyless glee,  
How oft my aching heart has turned to thee,  
And lived again, in memory's sweet recess,  
The innocence of youthful happiness !

In life's dull dream, when want of sordid gain  
Clings to our being with its cank'ring chain,  
When lofty thoughts are cramped to stoop below  
The vile, rank weeds that in their pathway grow,  
Who would not turn amid'st the darkened scene,  
To memoried spots where sunbeams intervene ;  
And dwell with fondness on the joyous hours,  
When youth built up his pleasure-dome of flowers ?  
Now, while the music of the feathered choir  
Rings where the sheltering blossoms wake desire,  
When dew-eyed Love looks tenderness, and speaks  
A silent language with his mantling cheeks ;  
I think of those delicious moments past,  
Which joyless age shall dream of to the last ;



As now, though far removed, the Muse would tell,  
Though few may listen, what she loved so well.

Dear hours of childhood, youth's propitious spring,  
When Time fanned only roses with his wing,  
When dreams, that mock reality, could move  
To yield an endless holy-day to Love,  
How do ye crowd upon my fevered brain,  
And in imagination, live again !

Lo ! I am with you now, the sloping green,  
Of many a sunny hill is freshly seen ;  
Once more the purple clover bends to meet,  
And shower the dew drops on their pilgrim's feet ;  
Once more he breathes the fragrance of your fields,  
Once more the orchard tree its harvest yields,  
Again he hails the morning from your hills,  
And drinks the cooling water of your rills,  
While with a heart subdued, he feels the power  
Of every humble shrub and modest flower.

Oh thou who journiest through that eden clime,  
Winding thy devious way to cheat the time,  
Delightful Nashaway ! beside thy stream,



Fain would I paint thy beauties as they gleam.  
Eccentric river ! poet of the woods !  
Where, in thy far-secluded solitudes,  
The wood-nymphs sport and naiads plash thy wave,  
With charms more sweet than ever fancy gave,  
How oft with Mantua's bard, from school let free,  
I've conn'd the silver lines that flow like thee,  
Couched on thy emerald banks, at full length laid,  
Where classic elms grew lavish of their shade,  
Or indolently listened, while the throng  
Of idler beings woke their Summer song ;  
Or with rude angling gear, outwatched the Sun,  
Comparing mine, to deeds by Walton done.

Far down the silent stream, where arching trees  
Bend their green boughs so gently to the breeze,  
One live, broad mass of molten crystal lies,  
Clasping the mirrored beauties of the skies !  
Look, how the sunshine breaks upon the plains !  
So the deep blush their flattered glory stains.

Romantic river ! on thy quiet breast,  
While flashed the salmon with his lightning crest,  
Not long ago the Indian's thin canoe



Skimmed lightly as the shadow which it threw ;  
Not long ago, beside thy banks of green,  
The nightfire blazed and spread its dismal sheen.

Thou peaceful Valley ! when I think how fair  
Thy various beauty shines, beyond compare,  
I cannot choose but own the Power that gave  
Amidst thy woes a helping hand to save,  
When o'er thy hills the savage war-whoop came,  
And desolation raised its funeral flame !

'Tis night ! the stars are kindled in the sky,  
And hunger wakes the famished she-wolf's cry,  
While o'er the crusted snow, the careful tread  
Betrays the heart whose pulses throb with dread ;  
Yon flickering light, kind beacon of repose !  
The weary wanderer's homely dwelling shows,  
Where by the blazing fire, his bosom's joy  
Holds to her heart a slumbering infant boy ;  
While every sound her anxious bosom moves,  
She starts and listens for the one she loves ;  
Hark ! was 't the the night-bird's cry that met her ear,  
Curdling the blood that thickens with cold fear ?—  
“Again ! oh God, that voice, 't is his ! 't is his !”



She hears the death-shriek and the arrow's whiz,  
When as she turns, she sees the bursting door  
Roll her dead husband bleeding on the floor.

Loud as the burst of sudden thunder, rose  
The mad'ning war-cry of the ambushed foes,  
Startling in sleep, the dreamless infant wakes,  
Like morning's smile when daylight's slumber breaks,  
"For mercy! spare my child, forbear the blow!"  
In vain;—the warm blood crimson on the snow.

O'er the cold earth the captive mother sighs,  
Her ears still tortured by her infant's cries;  
She cannot weep, but deep resolve, unmoved,  
Plots vengeance for the victims so beloved;  
Lo! by their fire, the gluttoned warriors lie,  
Locked in the deathsleep of ebriety,  
When from her bed of snow, whence slumber flew,  
The phrenzied woman rose the deed to do;—  
Firmly beside the senseless men of blood,  
With vengeful arm, the wretched mother stood;  
She hears her groaning, dying lord expire,  
Her woman's heart nerves up with mad'ning fire;



She sees her infant dashed against the tree,—  
'T is done !—the red-men sleep eternally.

Such were thy wrongs sweet Nashaway, but now,  
No spot so peaceful and serene as thou ;  
Thy hills and fields in chequered richness stand,  
The glory and the beauty of the land.

From calm repose, while glowed the eastern sky,  
And the fresh breeze went fraught with fragrance by,  
Waked by the noisy Pecker, free from care,  
What joy was mine, to drink the morning air !  
Not all the bliss maturer life can bring,  
When ripened manhood soars with strengthened wing,  
Not all the rapture, fancy ever wove,  
Nor less than that which springs from mutual love,  
Could challenge mine, when to the ravished sense,  
(The sunrise painted God's magnificence !  
George-hill ! thou pride of Nashaway, for thee,—  
Thyself the garden of fertility,—  
Nature has hung a picture to the eye,  
Where Beauty smiles at sombre Majesty.  
The river, winding in its course below,  
Through fertile fields where yellowing harvests grow,



The bowering elms, that so majestic grew,  
A green arcade for waves to wander through ;  
The deep, broad valley where the new mown hay  
Loads the fresh breezes of the rising day,  
And, distant far, Wachusett's towering height,  
Blue in the ling'ring shadows of the night,  
Have power to move the sternest heart to love,  
That Nature's loveliness could ever move.

Ye who can slumber when the starlight fades,  
And clouds break purpling through the eastern shades,  
Whose care-worn spirits cannot wake at morn,  
To lead your buoyant footsteps o'er the lawn,  
Can never know what joy the ravished sense,  
Feels in that moment's sacred influence.  
I will not ask the meed of fortune's smile,  
The flatterer's praise that masks his heart of guile,  
I will not build on hope of present fame,  
Nor heed the slanderer of an honest name,  
So I can walk beneath the ample sky,  
And hear the bird's discordant melody,  
And see reviving Spring, and Summer's gloom,  
And Autumn bending o'er his icy tomb,  
And hoary Winter pile his snowy drifts,



For these to me are fortune's highest gifts ;  
And I have found in poor neglected flowers,  
Companionship for many weary hours ;  
And high above the mountain's crest of snow,  
Communed with storm-clouds in their wrath below ;  
And where the vault of heaven, from some vast height  
Grew black, as fell the shadows of the night,  
Where the stars seem to come to you, I've wooed  
The grandeur of the fearful solitude.

From such communion, feelings often rise,  
To guard the heart midst life's perplexities,  
Lighting a heaven within, whose deep felt joy  
Compensates well, for Sorrow's dark alloy.  
Then, though the worldly chide, and wealth deny,  
And passion conquer where it fain would fly,  
Though friends you love betray, while these are left,  
The heart can never wholly be bereft.

Hard by yon giant elm, whose branches spread  
A rustling robe of leaves above your head ;  
Where weary travellers, from noonday heat,  
Beneath the hospitable shade retreat,  
The school-house met the stranger's busy eye,  
Who turned to gaze again, he knew not why.



Thrice lovely spot ! where, in the classic spring,  
My young ambition dipped her fevered wing,  
And drank unseen the vision and the fire  
That break with quenchless glory from the lyre !—  
Amidst thy wealth of Art, fair Italy !  
While Genius warms beneath thy cloudless sky,  
As o'er the waking marble's polished mould,  
The Sculptor breathes Pygmalion's prayer of old,  
His heart shall send a frequent sigh to rove,  
A pilgrim to the birthplace of his love !

And can I e'er forget the hallowed spot,  
Whence springs a charm that may not be forgot ;  
Where in a grove of elm and sicamore  
The Pastor showed his hospitable door,  
And kindness shone so constantly to bless  
That sweet abode of peace and happiness ?

The oaken bucket—where I stooped to drink  
The crystal water, trembling at the brink,  
Which through the solid rock in coldness flowed,  
While creaked the pond'rous lever with its load ;  
The dairy—where so many moments flew,  
With half the dainties of the soil in view ;



Where the broad pans spread out the milk maid's care,  
To feed the busy churn that labored there ;  
The garden—where such neatness met the eye,  
A stranger could not pass unheeding by ;  
The orchard—and the yellow-mantled fields,  
Each in its turn some dear remembrance yields.

Ye who can mingle with the glitt'ring crowd,  
Where Mammon struts in rival splendor proud ;  
Who pass your days in heartless fashion's round,  
And bow with hatred, where ye fear to wound ;  
Away ! no flatterer's voice or coward sneer,  
Can find a welcome, or an altar here.  
But ye who look beyond the common ken,  
Self-unexalted when ye judge of men,  
Who conscious of defects, can hurry by  
Faults, that lay claim upon your charity ;  
Who feel that thrilling vision of the soul  
Which looks through faith beyond an earthly goal,  
And will not yet refuse the homely care,  
Which every being shares, or ought to share ;  
Approach ! the home of Goodness is your own,  
And such as ye are worthy, such alone.



When Silence hung upon the Sabbath's smile,  
And noiseless footsteps paced the sacred aisle,  
When hearts united woke the suppliant lay,  
And happy faces blessed the holy day ;  
Oh Nature ! could thy worshipper have owned,  
Such joy, as then upon his bosom throned ;  
When feelings, even as the printless snow,  
Were harmless, guileless as a child can know ;  
Or, if they swerved from right, were pliant still,  
To follow Virtue from the path of ill ?  
No ! when the morning's old, the mist will rise  
To cloud the fairest vision of our eyes ;  
As hopes too brightly formed in rainbow dyes,  
A moment charm—then vanish in the skies !

Sweet hour of holy rest, to mortals given,  
To paint with love the fairest way to heaven ;  
When from the sacred book instruction came  
With fervid eloquence and kindling flame.  
No mystic rites were there ; to God alone,  
Went up the grateful heart before his throne,  
While solemn anthems from the organ poured  
Thanksgiving to the high and only Lord.



Lo ! where yon cottage whitens through the green,  
The loveliest feature of a matchless scene ;  
Beneath its shading elm, with pious fear,  
An aged mother draws her children near ;  
While from the holy Word, with earnest air,  
She teaches them the privilege of prayer.  
Look ! how their infant eyes with rapture speak ;  
Mark the flushed lily on the dimpled cheek,  
Their hearts are filled with gratitude and love,  
Their hopes are centre'd in a world above,  
Where in a choir of angels, faith portrays  
The loved, departed father of their days.

Beside yon grassless mound, a mourner kneels,  
There gush no tears to sooth the pang he feels ;  
His loved, his lost, lies confined in the sod,  
Whose soul has found a dwelling-place with God ;  
Though pressed with anguish, mild religion shows  
His aching heart a balm for all its woes ;  
And hope smiles upward, where his love shall find,  
A union in eternity of mind !

Turn there your eyes, ye cold, malignant crew,  
Whose vile ambition dims your reason's view,



Ye faithless ones, who preach religion vain,  
And childlike, chase the phantoms of your brain ;  
Think not to crush the heart whose truth has sealed,  
Its confidence in heavenly love revealed.  
Let not the atheist deem that Fate decrees  
The lot of man to misery or ease,  
While to the contrite spirit, faith is given,  
To find a hope on earth, a rest in heaven.

Unrivalled Nashaway ! where the willows throw  
Their frosted beauty on thy path below,  
Beneath the vernant drapery of the trees,  
Luxurious Fancy woos the sighing breeze.  
The redbreast, singing where the fruit-tree weaves  
Its silken canopy of mulb'ry leaves ;  
Enamelled fields of green, where herding kine  
Crop the wet grass, or in the shade recline ;  
The tapping woodbird, and the minstrel bee,  
The squirrel, racing on his nut-grown tree,  
With crowds of pleasant dreams, demand in vain  
Creative thought to give them life again.

I turn, where glancing down, the eye surveys  
Art building up the wreck of other days ;



For graves of silent tribes upheave the sod,  
And Science smiles where savage Philip trod ;  
Where winged the poisoned shaft along the skies,  
The hammer rings, the noisy shuttle flies ;  
Impervious forests bow before the blade,  
And fields rise up in yellow robes arrayed.  
No lordly palace nor imperial seat,  
Grasps the glad soil where freemen plant their feet ;  
No ruined castle here, with ivy waves,  
To make us blush for ancestry of slaves ;  
But lo ! unnumbered dwellings meet the eye,  
Where men lie down in native majesty :  
The morning birds spring from their leafy bed,  
As the stern ploughman quits his happy shed ;  
His arm is steeled to toil—his heart to bear  
The robe of pain, that mortals always wear ;  
Though wealth may never come, a plenteous board  
Smiles at the pampered richman's joyless hoard ;  
True, when among his sires, no gilded heir  
Shall play the fool, and damn himself to care,  
But Industry and Knowledge lead the way,  
Where Independence braves the roughest day.



Nurse of my country's infancy, her stay  
In youthful trials and in dangers day ;  
Diffusive Education ! 'tis to thee,  
She owes her mountain-breath of Liberty ;  
To thee she looks, through time's illusive gloom,  
To light her path and shield her from the tomb ;  
Beneath thine Ægis, tyranny shall fail,  
Before thy frown the traitor's heart shall quail ;  
Ambitious foes to liberty may wear  
A patriot mask, to compass what they dare,  
And sting the thoughtless nation, while they smile  
Benignantly and modestly the while ;  
But thou shalt rend the virtuous-seeming guise,  
And guard her from the worst of enemies.  
Eternal power ! whose tempted thunder sleeps,  
While heaven-eyed mercy turns away and weeps ;  
Thou who didst lead our fathers where to send  
Their free devotions to their God and friend ;  
Thou who hast swept a wilderness away,  
That men may walk in freedom's cloudless day ;  
Guard well their trust, lest impious faction dare,  
Unlock the chain that binds our birthright fair ;  
That private views to public good may yield,  
And honest men stand fearless in the field !



Once more I turn to thee, fair Nashaway !  
The farewell tribute of my humble lay ;  
The time may come, when lofty notes shall bear  
Thy peerless beauty to the gladdened air ;  
Now, to the lyre no daring hand aspires,  
And rust grows cankering on its tuneless wires.  
Our lays are like the fitful strains that flow  
From careless birds, that carol as they go ;  
Content, beneath the mountain top to sing,  
And only touch Castalia with a wing.



## MARGARET.

“ She never told her love.”

I knew an orphan girl, whose story tells  
How often woman's heart with sorrow swells,  
When, with devoted love she gives away  
Her life-blood, drop by drop, in sure decay.  
It is a simple story, but to me,  
Its truth comes home with sad reality.

She was a serving maid, whose duties were  
To watch the children placed in trust with her,  
And wait at table for her lady's call,  
Within the breakfast room, or dining hall.

A maid of sixteen years, of twilight eyes,  
Deep set and dark, and fringed with pencil dyes,  
Her forehead not too high, where thick black hair,  
Combed smooth and parted, showed the whiteness  
there ;



Her lips of changeless carmine, often parted  
With dimpling smiles, when sweet sensation started  
In thoughts so pure, an angel's self would choose 'em,  
Robed in the blush that mantled from her bosom ;  
Her form of rounded symmetry, where art  
That makes so many beauties, bore no part ;  
With mind untutored, yet so constituted,  
She never spake amiss, or e'er disputed ;  
A girl like this, who would not love and cherish ?  
Or having won her heart, could leave that heart to  
perish ?

But Margaret was not flattered : no fond youth  
Had lisped the tale of love or pledged his truth ;  
Though many a sigh shook off the frequent tear,  
That there was no *one* heart to her more dear ;  
For woman's love grows up within her breast,  
Long ere it find a place wherein to rest,  
Like some poor wandering bird along the wave,  
Whose shelter, often proves, alas ! its grave !

There was a youth within her dwelling place,  
Her lady's son, a lad of manly grace ;  
Whose eighteenth summer lit his eye with fire,



Fanned by his long devotion to the lyre ;  
A youth with happy mien and thoughtful mood,  
More prone to self-communing solitude,  
Than noisy revels, with a heart as free  
From guileful deeds, as thoughts of treachery ;  
His hopes, desires, all centre'd in one maid,  
Who loved him as *he* loved, with whom he strayed  
In blissful union, arm in arm along,  
Where, from the trees, gushed out the robin's song ;  
Talking of love—romantic, but sincere,  
And urging time to quicken his career,  
When by the holy man, the knot should bind  
Their married hearts in wedlock unconfined.

But other maidens loved him and confest  
In silent grief, the tumult of the breast,  
And none so much as Margaret—her heart  
By slow degrees, unmoved by any art,  
Stole from her care, with such sweet pleasure on,  
She never knew the danger, till 'twas gone !

She ne'er essayed his plighted love to try,  
By common arts of female coquetry,  
But nursed the passion quietly within ;



A passion, such as never dreamt of sin ;  
And often would she sit, and watch the smile  
Of her dear infant charge, and dream the while  
Of Albert, as she marked within their faces,  
His miniature, with all imagined graces ;  
And she would stand at table, and lift up  
Her lovely eyelids, as she filled his cup,  
So tremblingly, so innocently loving,  
Without a hope, or e'en a *wish* of moving ;  
Crushing with her dark lashes, the rude tear  
That would have wet her cheek when he was near !

But Margaret was wary—though she knew  
No rude suspicion, with her loved one grew ;  
And she would save, untouched, the plate he used,  
And thence partake the viands he refused.  
Kind hearted girl ! so humble and so true,  
What happy thought those simple moments knew !

But Time drank up her tears, and Sorrow now,  
Wept out her life blood—and her pallid brow  
Grew deadly, and the hectic on her cheek  
Mocked the dull roses, and her voice grew weak.



Her lips were red—but with the purple tide  
That bubbled from her heart,—and so she died.

I did not watch her eyes of fading light,  
Grow dim, then brighten, and then sink in night ;  
But, oftentimes, my heart with anguish weeps  
O'er the green earth where hapless Margaret sleeps.



## PAINTING.

Suggested by the Portrait of a beautiful Piano-Fortist in Alexander's Gallery.

I stood within a palace of the maid,  
Whose magic wand gives life to light and shade,  
Where every tint, harmoniously combined,  
Embodied the divinity of mind.

I stood in silence—language had no power  
To break the grave-like stillness of the hour.

A vision passed before me—on a throne  
Of rosy clouds, girt by a vestal zone,  
Sat the fair queen of soft and shadowy things,  
More beautiful than love's imaginings ;  
Her language, like the language of the flowers  
That wave among the music-dropping bowers,  
Or like the voices of the quiet skies,  
Was only felt in unheard harmonies.  
Her eye was calmer than the breathless wave,



Save when a transient gleam from heaven gave  
Sublimed lustre——

And then the flash was instant, for I saw  
Its light grow milder than it shone before.

She waved a delicate and shining wand,  
Fair as the lily-texture of her hand,  
And waved but once, for as it passed the air,  
A rainbow, following, arched in glory there,  
When, quick as thought, her pencil caught its dyes,  
And lo ! the vision brightened to my eyes.

I saw a crowd of airy forms pass on,  
And kneel before her feet—and there was one  
Of highest personal beauty, such as steals  
Our manhood from us—wounds, and never heals.  
Another came of loftier mien—a maid,  
I knew her by the softness of her shade ;  
By the sweet mellowness all objects caught,  
Reflected from a mind with fancy fraught.  
Another came—another—and another ;  
Infants that stole the smiles of a fond mother,  
And many happy faces, where was naught  
But laughing gladness throned, in place of thought ;



And there were bards of intellect divine,  
One, who had tuned his harp for Palestine ;  
Another, who had scattered many a gem,  
Lavish of mental wealth ; whose diadem,  
The muses now are forming in the shade,  
To brighten on through ages and not fade.  
And there was one, whose lyre, but newly strung,  
Sent forth a melancholy strain, and flung  
A sadness o'er the heart—but he shall live  
Even in the very sadness he may give.

So passed they on—while I, in mute surprise,  
Wept inwardly, so gladdened were mine eyes ;  
And as I knelt to worship, lo ! again  
She waved her wand, and darkness wrapt my brain,  
While music filled the air with gentler strains,  
Than e'er aerial lyre from seraph gains ;  
And then it swelled to loudness, till its crash,  
Came like the sounding Avalanche's dash,  
That made my spirit pray it might be free,  
And never lose such fine sublimity.  
Light came to me again, and oh ! how fair,  
How brightly delicate the minstrel there ;  
Her eyes were fixt upon the list'ning skies,



That looked the fulness of their ecstacies ;  
Her dark locks flowing down her glowing face,  
Shaded its lustre with such gentle grace,  
One would have thought the softest hues of night  
Had gathered round Aurora in her light.  
A harp stood by Apollo might have swept,  
While o'er the thrilling strings her fingers leapt,  
Racing so emulously fast, they seemed  
Pearls raining upon ivory, yet gleamed  
With a more feminine whiteness, while the notes,  
That gushed as from a thousand warbling throats,  
Held the rapt soul in such sweet ecstasy,  
Full well I knew it was my hour to die.

Then came again the forms that passed before,  
Bowling in joyous homage to adore.

The rainbow-queen looked pleasure as she spake,  
“ Behold what Art’s magician hand can make ;  
“ Awake ! thy dream is past, and now decide,  
“ Of Art and Nature, which shall hence preside.”  
I woke, and with me woke the dulcet strain,  
My heart drunk in the mingled notes again ;



It was no dream, the minstrel's self was there,  
But oh! than Art's how more divinely fair!  
Queen of the magic wand! thy power may move  
To charm the heart, but *Nature* makes it *love*!



## THE BURIED LOVE.

I have often thought that flowers were the alphabet of Angels, whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths.—THE REBELS.

She sleeps the quiet sleep of death,  
The maid who lies below,  
And these are Angel-missioned flowers,  
That o'er the green turf grow.

And they are sent to warn the fair,  
How transient is their bloom ;  
See ! how they bend their tender forms  
And weep upon her tomb.

The blush upon her living cheek,  
Had shamed the morning skies ;  
And di'mond light, is not more bright,  
Than were her youthful eyes.

To see her, on a summer's day,  
Gave love a lighter wing ;



And happy thoughts would crowd the heart,  
And gush from many a spring.

I know the language of the flowers,  
And love to hear them grieve,—  
When crims'ning to the eye of morn,  
Or drooping to the eve.

I listened when the star of love  
Shone through the blue serene ;  
When twilight held her silent wake,  
Beneath the crested queen.

They told of her whose spirit comes  
To breathe upon their leaves ;  
And can I choose but love the breath,  
That once was Genevieve's ?

She 's gone, where sorrow may not come,  
Where pain may never be ;  
But she, who lives an angel still,  
May sometimes think of me.

Though gone, alas ! her blushing smile,  
Who sleeps in sweet repose,



I joy to find its mimic grace,  
Still living in the rose.

Then will I love the modest flower,  
And cherish it with tears ;  
It minds me of my fleeting time,  
Yet chases all my fears.

And when my hour of rest shall be,  
I will not weep my doom ;  
So, Angel-missioned flowers may come  
And gather round my tomb !



## ALBUQUERQUE.

A storm was on the deep—  
And lightning, in its wrath,  
Called the darkness from its sleep,  
In the fierce tornado's path :—  
The ocean waves went up among  
The thunder-spirit's choir—  
Recoiling as the death note rung  
From their canopy of fire.

“Awake ! awake !—behold  
“Death throned among the clouds !  
“The sands of life are told—  
“The waves must be our shrouds.”—  
Thus spake the chief, while clinging round,  
The shrieking concourse stood,  
Waiting the sulph'rous bolt to sound  
Their requiem for the flood.

Stern ALBUQUERQUE that hour  
Showed horror on his brow,



While conscience, in her power,  
    Made his haughty heart to bow—  
Hot lightning blackened many a corse,  
    And cleft his bending mast,  
While bounding, like a reinless horse,  
    On went the proud ship fast.

Pressed down with guilty fear,  
    He knew his turn might be—  
Another bolt fell near,  
    And burst upon the sea ;—  
When, from a mother's bosom blest,  
    He snatched her infant care,  
And clasping it before his breast,  
    Defied the lightning's glare.

“ Now strike !—I stand prepared—  
    “ Hurl down, proud Heaven ! thy worst,  
“ For Innocence is bared  
    “ Before a bosom cursed !”  
He stood—the tempest fell asleep—  
    The hurricane passed o'er.—  
*His* arms that keep the mighty deep,  
    Showed *mercy* and forbore !



## THE GALLEY SLAVE.

The moon poured down her mellow light like silver on  
the sea,

And not a breath disturbed the wave, in its blue  
tranquility ;

No sound was on the midnight ear, save of the  
dipping oar,

While a Moorish galley anchored lay beneath the  
Moslem shore.

Full many a tear drop swelled the sea that calm and  
quiet night,

And many an aching breast grew cold with hope's  
expiring light ;

For warriors, bowed beneath their chains, obeyed the  
lashes' smart,

And thought upon their native land with heaviness of  
heart.



Among the captives doomed to wear their weary lives  
away,  
And tug to rest the lazy wind with labor day by day ;  
There was a Spanish youth, who long had been a  
bondman there,  
Chasing the minutes as they lagg'd by sighing to the air.

Juan had loved and was beloved, and gave his hand  
and heart,  
But the silken bands of love were tied, alas ! too soon  
to part ;  
His country called to arms—he rose and answered  
to her call,  
And chance of war decreed his fate to be a Moorish  
thrall.

The day had been a heavy one, though their hopeless  
task was done,  
For they had toiled from breaking day, nor ceased at  
setting sun ;  
While many bent their earnest thoughts, far to their  
native shore,  
The weary Juan fell asleep, and sunk upon his oar.



Oh Sleep ! thou art the first and last—the surest  
blessing, given  
To be life's interview with death—our only gleam of  
heaven ;  
Without thy shadowing wing, how dull were e'en the  
joys of life ;  
Without thy honey-balm for care—how hopeless were  
the strife !

And dreams of joy came o'er the youth, too pure for  
aught but dreams.  
Like youthful images of love, or morning's rosy beams,  
For he had broken from his chains, and passed the  
hated sea,  
And stood upon his native land, in the pride of liberty.

Why gushed the tear-drops from his eye, why swelled  
his gallant soul  
With thought, he long had cherished deep, and could  
not now controul ?  
Think, how his own dear cottage grew upon his eager  
sight,  
And ask not why his crowded heart felt agonized  
delight !



The fruit trees in their white spring robes so purely  
    blossoming,  
The wild-wood where the happy birds were gaily  
    wantoning,  
The little garden where the flowers were telling tales  
    of love,  
Had power to move the wanderer's heart, as nothing  
    less could move.

The blue smoke curling o'er the roof, told of the  
    dwellers there,  
The weedless path and garden spot spake of their  
    tender care ;  
But was his widowed wife still there, and might he  
    hope his child,—  
His father as he blest his boy—his mother as she  
    smiled !

Winged with the tortures of suspense, he urged the  
    nearest way,  
Fear struggling with his guardian Hope, to quench her  
    cheering ray ;  
A moment—and the gate was passed, the garden  
    and the door,  
And Juan knelt in silent joy upon his cottage floor.



Well has the noble bard declared young love's redeem-  
ing hours,  
That pay us for a life of ill, with a paradise of flowers.  
Then think what wealth of happiness the captive's  
heart could boast,  
As the glad tears shone upon the breast of her he  
loved the most !

There knelt his silver-headed sire, in deep but speech-  
less prayer,  
With her who only knows full well a parent's joy and  
care ;  
And see ! the blooming infant boy, with eyes upturned  
and wild,  
How he clings upon a father's arms, that now embrace  
his child.

Alas ! that dreams are only dreams, that fancy cannot  
give  
A lasting beauty to those forms that scarce a mo-  
ment live ;  
Alas ! that youth's fond hopes should fade, and love  
be but a name,  
While its rainbows followed near so fast, are distant  
still the same.



The moon was fading fast away behind the gloomy  
shore,  
The sea-breeze brought the sullen sound of the  
waking ocean's roar ;  
And Juan's dream of love passed off with the moon-  
light from the wave,  
When by the clanking of his chains he woke a galley  
slave.



## LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

Yes! still I love thee—Time who sets  
His signet on my brow,  
And dims my sunken eye, forgets  
The heart he could not bow ;—  
Where love, that cannot perish, grows  
For one, alas! that little knows  
How love may sometimes last ;  
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,  
When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,  
Within its robe of light,  
Can never touch a leaf that blows,  
Though *seeming*, to the sight ;  
And yet it still will linger there,  
Like hopeless love without despair,—  
A snow-drop in the sun !  
A moment finely exquisite,  
Alas! but only one.



I would not have thy married heart  
Think momentarily of me,—  
Nor would I tear the cords apart,  
That bind me so to thee ;  
No ! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,  
Like dew upon the roses wild,  
I would not have thee know,  
The stream that seems to thee so still,  
Has such a tide below !

Enough ! that in delicious dreams,  
I see thee and forget—  
Enough, that when the morning beams,  
I feel my eye-lids wet !  
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall  
The darkness, for creation's pall,  
To meet thee—and to love,—  
I would not shrink from aught below,  
Nor ask for more above.



## MORAL BEAUTY.

'T is not alone in the flush of morn,  
In the cowslip-bell or the blossom-thorn,  
In noon's high hour, or twilight's hush,  
In the shadowy stream, or the roses' blush,  
Or in aught that bountiful Nature gives,  
That the delicate Spirit of Beauty lives.

Oh no ! it lives, and breathes, and lies,  
In a home more pure than the morning skies ;  
In the innocent heart it loves to dwell,  
When it comes with a sigh or a tear to tell  
Sweet visions that flow from a fount of love,  
To mingle with all that is pure above.

It dwells with the one whose pitying eye  
Looks out on the world with charity ;  
Whose generous hand delights to heal  
The wounds that suffering mourners feel,  
Without a wish or a hope or thought  
That light should shine on the deeds it wrought.



It dwells in the heart that naught inspires,  
But manly feelings, and high desires ;  
Where nothing can come like a selfish dream,  
When visions of glory around it gleam,  
Proud visions that show to the gifted mind,  
The boundless sphere of the human kind.

Sweet Spirit of Beauty ! my dreams are thine,  
But I loose thee not when the day-beams shine ;  
Thy image is still to my constant gaze,  
At midnight hour, or noontide blaze ;  
And none but one with a heart unsold,  
Can know the bliss which thy lovers hold,



## ANACREONTIC.

Fill again the mantling bowl,  
Nor fear to meet the morning breaking !  
None but slaves should bend the soul,  
Beneath the chains of mortal making.  
Fill your beakers to the brim,  
Bacchus soon shall lull your sorrow ;  
Let delight,  
But crown the night,  
And Care may bring her clouds to-morrow.

Mark this cup of rosy wine,  
With virgin pureness deeply blushing ;  
Beauty pressed it from the vine,  
While Love stood by to charm its gushing ;  
He who dares to drain it now,  
Shall drink such bliss as seldom gladdens ;  
The Moslem's dream,  
Would joyless seem,  
To him whose brain its rapture maddens.



Pleasure, sparkles on the brim,  
Lethe, lies far deeper in it—  
*Both*, enticing, wait for him,  
Whose heart is warm enough to win it ;  
Hearts like ours, if e'er they chill,  
Soon with Love again must lighten,  
Skies may wear  
A darksome air,  
Where sunshine most is known to brighten.

Then fill ! fill high the mantling bowl,  
Nor fear to meet the morning breaking,  
Care shall never cloud the soul,  
While Beauty's beaming eyes are waking ;  
Fill your beakers to the brim,  
Bacchus soon shall lull your sorrow,  
Let delight,  
But crown the night,  
And Care may bring her clouds to-morrow.



## TO GENEVIEVE.

Whene'er the lightsome dance, and mad'ning glare

Of Fashion's gay assemblage, shall allure

Thy gentle wishes, that are always pure,

And lead thee to eclipse the brightest there ;

Amidst the syren smiles that flatterers wear,

Remember then—I know thou'lt not forget—

The lesson which I taught thee, when we met,

Where the still moonlight as a carpet lay,

For airy forms to move on—when the dew

Hung tremulously bright, like that array

Of planetary glories, that diffuse

Rays from their countless sources ever bright,

Geming the ebon coronal of night ;

For I would have thee feel, that Nature's charms

Can lull thy restless thoughts, that thou canst draw

From her exhaustless fountain, evermore,

High thoughts to shield thee from the wild alarms

And mad distractions of a world like this ;



That, should thy heart aspire to present bliss,

The thought were vain—for pleasure, like a shade,  
Will fly before thee and elude thy hold ;

That, Nature's charms alone are manifold,

In all the simple guilelessness displayed  
Of vestal innocence—that she can mould

Thy passions so, that they shall be thy aid.

Thus shall thy days in happiness grow old,

Thy soul high towering in its flight sublime ;  
And should thy joys on earth grow dark and cold.

Thy heart may find a rest above the cares of  
time !



## SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,  
And wheels her course in a joyous flight ;  
I know her track through the balmy air,  
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there ;  
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,  
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,  
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight ;  
Then she mounts again, and round her, flings  
A shower of light from her crimson wings ;  
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,  
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,  
Where bowering elms over waters meet,  
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,  
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,



When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,  
From her lover, the hope that she loves again

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky  
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,  
And round the skirts of their deepened fold,  
She paints a border of purple and gold,  
Where the ling'ring sunbeams love to stay,  
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,  
When her presence is felt with the deepest power,  
She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream  
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;  
Then wheeling her flight through the gladdened air,  
The Spirit of Beauty is every where.



## STANZAS

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

The dews that tremble on the flowers,  
When moonlight drops its silvery veil,  
Are only tears of tristful hours,  
That weep to leave the nightingale.  
Then, while the light-winged hours are weeping,  
Shall beauty close her eyes,  
When Love, within her bosom sleeping,  
Can only dream of ecstacies ?

Oh ! Mary, yield to music's power,  
And listen to thy lover's prayer,  
The fragrance of the woodbine bower  
Is waiting to receive us there ;  
And shall we live, while life is fleeting,  
Without one hour of love,  
When swelling hearts with rapture meeting,  
May wing their vows of truth above ?



But if thy faith, so warmly plighted,  
Be changed for one less truly thine,  
If Love must see his chaplet blighted,  
And Hope desert her favored shrine ;  
Let not the sigh of sorrow wake thee,  
Thy lover's grief to tell,  
Whose breaking heart could ne'er forsake thee,  
Whose tongue could never say farewell !



## SPRING.

Hail to thee, gentle Spring,  
With thy softened gales appearing !  
As a prisoned bird let free,  
My heart leaps at thy coming.  
Stern winter shuns thy smile,  
Or melts it into tears before thee.

Look ! how the budding trees  
Wave to their joyous mother ;  
How the gay floweret breathes  
The perfume of its beauty ;  
How the glad fields arise,  
And clothe themselves in verdure !

The frozen clouds of Winter  
Are grateful even to weeping ;  
How warm they grow in the sunshine,  
Pillowed on the deep blue sky,



Or floating in careless pleasure  
With the singing birds of morning !

The sleepless streams move onward  
Through beds of idling lilies,  
Chiding the foolish flowers  
That watch their mirrored beauty ;—  
So live the thoughtless many,  
Who throng the halls of fashion !

Come to me smiling Spring !  
Come to my inmost bosom ;  
I would clasp thee to my heart,  
For my love yearns to embrace thee.  
Wake in me early visions,  
Visions that used to bless me !



## SONG.

'T is the season of tender delight,  
The season of fresh-springing flowers ;  
The green earth is covered with spangles of white,  
And Love leads the rapturous hours.  
Glad Nature is loud in her transport of pleasure,  
The vallies and mountains re-echo her lay ;  
The robin now warbles his love-breathing measure.  
And scatters the blossoms while tilting the spray.  
One impulse of tenderness thrills through the groves,  
While the birds carol sweetly their innocent loves.

The Westwind ! how mildly he blows,  
What fragrance his light pinions bear—  
He breathes, as if fearful to brush from the rose  
The dew-drops so tremulous there.  
The brook flowing softly among the green cresses,  
So lightsomely dashes their branches away,  
It seems some fond mother who while she caresses,  
Would sportfully chide her young children at play.



Hear the minstrel-bee lulling the blossoms to rest,  
For the nectar he sips as the wild-flowers guest !

Look out then on Nature, awhile ;

Observe her inviting thee now,—

Benevolence beams in her sunshiny smile,

And blandishment sits on her brow ;—

Come stray with me, love, where the fountains are  
flowing,

And wild-flowers cluster to drink of the stream ;

While watching the lily and daffodil blowing,

No moment of bliss shall so exquisite seem.

When Nature invites thee, oh why then delay ?

While joy is still waking, away ! love, away !



## STANZAS,

Written off Point Judith Light-House.

The skies have rolled their clouds away,  
To drink the summer's cooler breeze,  
Evening weighs down the eye of day,  
Chiding the idling twilight ray,  
Among the silent trees ;—

And look above ! how darkly blue  
The arch of night, with one lone cloud  
Parting for stars to glimmer through !

The waves are calm—the wind is still,—  
While the full moon, in glory proud,  
Rides like Aurora o'er the hill.

Alas ! that aught of grief should lower,  
To cloud the bliss of such an hour.

Where yon pale spire is dimly seen,  
Robed in a misty veil of light,



Glancing its beacon-rays between  
The blended hues of day and night ;  
I marked a sea-bird leave her bed,  
To light her pathway through the skies ;—  
Lured by the dazzling form she fled,  
And fluttering round, in wild surprise,  
Dashed madly at the vision fair,  
Then shrieked and poured her spirit there.

Oh, what a glowing image this,  
Of man's inconstancy below,  
Too restless here to heed the bliss  
He might with calm contentment know ;  
But like the sea-bird charmed away  
By Hope's destructive meteor ray,  
He soars above the halcyon wave  
Of sweet content—and hails afar,  
Some brighter form his passions crave ;  
But finds, alas ! the glittering star  
That lured him to a fairer day,  
The death-light of a fevered brain ;  
And feels, too late, that Hope decay,  
Which blighted, never blooms again !



## GULNARE.

Daughter of Beauty—Gulnare !

Queen of the delicate graces,  
Whose smile is a minstrel to charm away care,  
And lighten wherever it traces,  
Health to thy cheek, where the mantle of morn  
Flushes with rosiest tints to adorn.

Long may the zone that entwines  
Purity, mildness, affection,  
Shed the same lustre as constantly shines  
To hallow a woman's perfection ;  
And long may the smile that illumines thy brow,  
Live on as it lives in its loveliness now !

The lily may die on thy cheek,  
With freshness no longer adorning,  
The rose that envelops its whiteness may seek  
To take back her mantle of morning ;



Yet still will Love's tenderness beam from thine eye,  
And ask for that homage no heart can deny.

Thy dark hair may blanch where it bends  
Over eyes of cerulean hue,  
That melt with the softness the Summer-moon lends,  
To mellow her pathway of blue,  
Yet still will I love thee and sweetly repose  
On the bosom where true-love with constancy grows.



## YARICO'S LAMENT.

Thy bark is on the midnight wave,  
Thy thoughts are far from Love and me,  
And Hope has found a cheerless grave,  
Within a heart still true to thee.

Thy babe is on my aching breast,  
Where passion breathed a fathers sigh,  
When that cold cheek I fondly prest,  
And wet with tears I could not dry.

I found thee on my father's isle—  
My father!—nay fond memory cease,  
I would not think of one whose smile  
Can only light the wreck of peace!

I found thee friendless and alone,  
No hand to soothe thy bed of pain;  
Oh INKLE, did my bosom own  
No joy to see thee live again!



I led thee where the lemon grew,  
Where waterfalls and fountains played,  
And where the kind banana threw  
Her arms to comfort thee with shade.

And thou did'st swear to love me then,  
And teach me how the Christians pray ;  
And tears were on thine eyelids, when  
I gave my virgin heart away.

My heart ! oh, do not break so soon,  
Throb yet awhile to cheer my boy,  
Kind heaven, but grant the simple boon,  
Nor thus my life's poor hold destroy.

Forgive the wrong ! his heart is mild,  
And did not mean to give me pain ;  
Blest image ! come my tearless child,  
And let me dream the past again !



MARY HALL.

One lovely summer day,  
    When birds were blithely singing,  
And care had flown away,  
    And flowers were freshly springing,  
I wandered forth to drink the air,  
    And waken sweet revealings,  
While all around me seemed to share,  
    My bosom's happy feelings.

Among the waving trees,  
    That rustled o'er a valley,  
Went up the eddying breeze,  
    Through a cool and shady alley ;  
And while I listened to the rush  
    Of green leaves blown together,  
The robin and the playful thrush,  
    Were singing in the heather.



But soon another voice,  
As though an angel hovered,  
Made every bird rejoice,  
Within the foliage covered ;  
With sweeter tone than warbling flute,  
It lingered on my hearing,  
While other sounds were only mute,  
But now, so much endearing.

Beside a pebbly brook,  
I saw a woman bending,  
And joy was in her look,  
With melancholy blending ;  
And close behind her, o'er a blaze,  
A water-vessel boiling,  
Told plainly how she passed her days  
In solitary toiling.

Charmed by her syren tongue,  
That did not cease for me,  
I asked her why she sung,  
And looked so smilingly ?  
She told me that she felt delight,  
That God, who dwells above her,



Allowed her toiling day and night,  
To buy her bondman lover.

Though humble thou and poor,  
And of a race enslaved,  
Still, Mary Hall, endure  
What all thy truth has braved !  
I would not give thy honest heart,  
So full of noble bearing,  
For all Potosi's mines impart,  
Or high heroic daring.



## TO CRESSID.

'Tis not the fairest form, that holds  
The mildest, purest soul within ;  
'Tis not the richest plant, that folds  
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

And oft within the rose's bower,  
A lurking insect lies unknown,  
That steals the honey from the flower,  
Before its outward grace has flown.

And should a rude wind come at length,  
To break the quiet reigning round,  
The flower, that had the look of strength,  
Falls, scarcely heeded, to the ground.

Then lady ! cast thy pride away,  
And chase those rebel thoughts of thine ;  
The casket may be bright and gay,  
Yet all within refuse to shine.



Beneath a shower of golden light,  
The ocean's breast seems warm and fair,  
But when the shadows fall at night,  
We find but few to venture there.

Hast thou an eye for Nature made,  
A heart, to feel the truth she bears ;  
Thou'lt learn a lesson from her shade,  
To save thee from thy after-cares !

For should misfortune ever lower,  
'T will cloud those charms that dazzle so ;  
And friends, who greet thy fortune's power,  
Will smile upon its overthrow.



## FOR AN ALBUM.

There 's not a bird that charms the air,  
There 's not a flower that scents the gale,  
There 's not a bee that wantons where  
The wild-rose gems the vale ;

But each has some secluded shrine,  
The leafy tree, or fragrant fold  
Of blossoms, that in clusters shine,  
Its happy guest to hold.

There 's not a heart, whose pulses tell  
How calm or wild the wish within,  
But there is yet some secret cell,  
No stranger eye can win.

There, records sweet of vanished hours,  
And tristful pangs of hope deferred,  
As light and shade upon the flowers,  
Are felt, but never heard.



For many a sigh, and many a tear,  
And many a grief is buried there,  
While Love's pale image lingers near  
The picture of despair.

This wilderness of stainless white,  
Like beauty's guileless heart, unknown,  
Must be a place of varied light,  
Where Thought shall build his throne.

The flatterer's breath shall taint its snow,  
While many a heart of truth shall tell,  
The wish it scarce would have thee know,  
Yet cherishes so well.

Then, while the hours enjoy their flight  
Among the flowers that grace this shrine,  
Oh, may one smile of cloudless light  
Remain forever thine !



## SONNET

TO GENEVIEVE.

Oh, thou, who art the fairest of earths daughters,  
Delighted could I sit a summer's day,  
To drink the music of thy lips away,  
Gushing their careless melody as waters ;  
And while I gazed upon thy full blue eyes,  
Still list'ning to thy passion-kindling songs  
Deem myself happiest of thy votaries.  
Thus while the morning lark his notes prolongs,  
Lists the rapt bard, and bending to the skies,  
Sends up the incense of a grateful heart,  
For such a gleam of heavenly ecstacies,  
Oh beautiful in feature—as thou art  
More beautiful in mind—my thoughts of thee  
Shall live in Love's undying memory !



## TO GENEVIEVE.

I'll rob the hyacinth and rose,  
I'll search the cowslip's fragrant cell,  
Nor spare the breath that daily blows  
Her incense from the asphodel.

And these shall breathe thy gentle name,  
Sweet naiad of the sacred stream !  
Where, musing, first I caught the flame  
That passion kindles in his dream.

Thy soul of music broke the spell  
That bound my lyre's neglected strings,  
Attuned its silent echo's shell,  
And loosed again her airy wings.

Ah ! long had beauty's eyes, in vain,  
Shone o'er its strings with light divine ;  
Alas ! it never woke again,  
'Till inspiration beamed from thine.



Thus vainly did the stars, at night,  
O'er Memnon's lyre their watch prolong,  
When naught but bright Aurora's light  
Could wake its silence into song.



## FADING FLOWERS.

### AN ILLUSTRATION.

Within a bower where roses blushed  
To see their charms outshone,  
At evening, when the world was hushed,  
A maiden sat alone.

The moonlight, blending with the day,  
Shone mildly on her eyes,  
And birds were dancing on the spray,  
Showering their melodies.

But peace has left her maiden heart,  
And blighted hopes are hers,  
While fading flowers the forms impart  
Of all her worshippers.

The smiles that used to greet her way,  
Have ceased to light her feet,



And every flower appears to say,  
We part, no more to meet.

Oh woman, could thy bosom know,  
How rose-like Love must die,  
Thy heart would never languish so,  
In silent agony ;

For every flower that fades away  
Would mind thee of thy doom,  
That beauty's charm and beauty's sway  
Are chaplets for the tomb.



## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Now while the star of Love is bright,  
Now while the air is hushed in night,  
Come where the roses breathe in sleep,  
Ere morning wake to bid them weep,  
While Beauty folds them to her breast,  
And bids them lie in gentle rest,  
With lullaby.

Here would I sit, and watch those eyes,  
Blue as the summer morning skies,  
Then, on this wildly throbbing breast,  
While every pulse my love confest,  
Fain would I see thine eyelids close,  
Locked in the fetters of the rose,  
With lullaby.



## TO AN INFANT

### SLEEPING IN A GARDEN.

Sleep on, sweet babe ! the flowers that wake  
Around thee are not half so fair ;  
Thy dimpling smiles unconscious break,  
Like sunlight on the vernal air.

Sleep on ! no dreams of care are thine,  
No anxious thoughts that may not rest ;  
For angel arms around thee twine,  
To make thy infant slumbers blest.

Perchance *her* spirit hovers near,  
Whose name thy infant beauty bears,  
To guard thine eyelids from the tear  
That every child of sorrow shares.

Oh ! may thy life like *her's* endure,  
Unsullied to its spotless close ;  
And bend to earth as calm and pure  
As ever bowed the summer rose.



## WILT THOU GO FAR AWAY?

Wilt thou go far away from this dark world with me,  
To an isle of our own, in a warm sunny sea,  
Where summer lives on, in a soft genial clime,  
And breathes the rich fragrance of orange and lime?

Wilt thou go with me, love ! where the halcyon hours  
Are noiseless as angels, that move among flowers,  
Where care may not come to disturb our repose,  
As the calm tide of pleasure unsulliedly flows?

The music that comes on the citron-gale's wing  
Shall wake thee at morn, and new happiness bring,  
And evening shall find thee, with innocence gay,  
Living over in dreams all the joys of the day.

The bark is unmoored, that shall bear us away,  
And the fresh blowing breeze only chides our delay ;  
Then haste, ere the summer of youth has gone by,  
To our island of love with its warm sunny sky !



## SPIRIT OF LOVE!

Spirit of Love ! away, away,  
On the rosy wings of the blushing day ;  
I've a dream of bliss for you to bear  
To a blue-eyed beauty with chestnut hair.

You'll know my girl, when you see her smile,  
For her eloquent mouth breathes joy the while,  
And her dimpling cheek puts on a hue,  
To quicken the pulses that madden you.

If sleep be still on her modest eyes,  
With their lashes that fall like the evening skies,  
If you hear her sigh, or her lips should spread,  
To show the pearls in their coral bed ;

Whisper in music, as soft and clear  
As spirits in slumber are wont to hear,  
My dream of love, which you shall hold  
In the warm embrace of your angel fold.



Then bring me back, ere the twilight die,  
My dream again through the glowing sky,  
That my heart may cherish the sighs that went  
From the bosom of one so innocent !



## STANZAS.

And canst thou not accord that heart  
In unison with mine,  
Whose language thou alone hast heard,  
Thou, only, canst divine :  
And wilt thou not revoke thy cold  
And merciless decree,  
Nor yield one solitary thought,  
To plead my wrongs to thee?

I found thee yet a modest flower,  
An infant of the spring,  
Unheeded, in the rosy crowd  
Of beauty blossoming ;  
And little didst thou think, how clear  
Thy spirit round me shone,  
To light the inward joy of hope  
My tongue could never own.

I saw thee in the gay saloon  
Of fashion's glittering mart,



Where Mammon buys what Love deplores,  
Where Nature yields to Art ;  
And thou wert so unlike the herd,  
My kindling heart despised,  
I could not choose but yield that heart,  
Though Love were sacrificed.

The smile which hung upon thy lips,  
In transport with their tone,  
The music of thy thoughts, which breathed  
A magic theirs alone ;  
The look, which spake a soul so pure,  
So innocent and gay ;  
Have passed, like other golden hopes  
Of Happiness, away.

My life has been a dream of light,  
Of loveliness and love ;  
While serpents coiled beneath my path,  
And roses bloomed above ;  
And yet a wicked whisper comes,  
Like madness, to my brain,  
And bids me dream as I have dreamt,  
And never wake again.



ANNE BULLEN.

I weep while gazing on thy modest face,  
Thou pictured history of woman's love !  
Joy spreads his burning pinions on thy cheek,  
Shaming its whiteness ; and thine eyes are full  
Of conscious beauty, as they undulate.  
Yet all thy beauty, poor deluded girl !  
Served but to light thy ruin.—Is there not,  
Kind heaven ! some secret talisman of hearts  
Whereby to find a resting-place for love ?  
Unhappy maiden ! let thy story teach  
The beautiful and young, that while their path  
Softens with roses—danger may be there ;  
That love may watch the bubbles of the stream,  
But never trust his image on the wave.



## SUNRISE

FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The laughing hours have chased away the night,  
Plucking the stars out from her diadem.—  
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,  
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,  
Blushing in smiles and glad as infancy.  
And see! the foolish Moon, but now so vain  
Of borrowed beauty, how she yields her charms,  
And, pale with envy steals herself away!  
The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,  
Attendant on the day—the mountain tops  
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below  
Send up a welcoming;—no song of birds,  
Warbling to charm the air with melody,  
Floats on the frosty breeze; yet Nature hath  
The very soul of music in her looks!  
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.



I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,  
Temple of Nature ! and look down with awe  
On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen ;  
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,  
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued ;  
Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise  
Unrified to the Thunderer—now they seem  
A family of mountains, clustering round  
Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching  
To meet the partial glances of the day.  
Far in the glowing east the flickering light,  
Mellowed by distance, with the blue sky blending,  
Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The sun comes up ! away, the shadows fling,  
From the broad hills—and, hurrying to the West,  
Sport in the sunshine, 'till they die away.  
The many beauteous mountain-streams leap down,  
Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light  
Dances along with their perennial flow.  
And there is beauty in yon river's path,  
The glad Connecticut ! I know her well,  
By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms :  
At times, she loiters by a ridge of hills,



Sportfully hiding—then again, with glee,  
Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place.  
Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,  
And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes and woods,  
And all that hold the faculty entranced,  
Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,  
And sleep, in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,  
A Presence, that forbids to break the spell,  
'Till the heart pour its agony in tears.  
But I must drink the vision while it lasts ;  
For even now the curling vapours rise,  
Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace  
These towering summits—bidding me away :  
But often shall my heart turn back again,  
Thou glorious eminence ! and when oppressed,  
And aching with the coldness of the world,  
Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.



## SONNET.

Look ! how the young Moon, o'er the orange west ;  
Walks in her maiden purity ;—she seems  
Adorned in brighter, more alluring beams,  
To flatter all that look the loveliest.  
The sea-breeze laps him to his halcyon rest,  
Upon the dark-blue waters—when the gleams  
Of sheeting moonlight silver o'er his dreams,  
And melt to love the Atlantic's heaving breast.

The stars are out, and beautiful are they,  
Cold, but still beautiful, a crowded choir,  
Harmonious in their heavenly minstrelsy :  
And I would fain, with beating heart, aspire  
To their communion,—but this weight of clay,  
Clings to the soul, and mocks the vain desire !



## SONG.

Oh, welcome the moment, when life's troubled  
dreams

Give way to the rapture of soul ;  
When true-hearts are met where Benevolence beams,  
And nothing but Love can control :  
When the joys that we feel, with the cares that have  
flown,

So mingle their sunshine and shade,  
That Fancy can bask in a blaze of her own,  
And worship what Genius hath made.

We have met once again, and long may we share  
The union of Friendship and Love,  
While our hearts burn as one, through the midnight  
of care,

As the galaxy brightens above.  
Here, then, let us throw off the mantle of wo,  
And drink to the present and past ;



Let a bumper go round, and our glasses o'erflow,  
'Till happiness crown us at last.

Should anguish and sorrow o'ershadow our way,  
And Hope's phantom beauty, beguile ;  
While CHARITY lends us her generous ray,  
We 'll live in the light of her smile.

Thus, while darkness envelopes our cold wintry skies,  
And clouds hang their tempests between,  
The Aurora commands her own Iris to rise,  
And hallow the desolate scene.



## I 'VE LISTENED AT EVE.

I've listened at eve, by a tranquil lake,  
To the sweetest song that love could wake,  
When the moon shone down through her blue serene,  
To silver the leaves of the woodland green.

I've listened at morn, when the west wind came,  
To cool the rose's blush of shame,  
When the nightingale's voice through the tangled trees  
Gladdened the bosom with ecstasies.

But ah! when I heard thy eloquent lay,  
It drove ev'ry charm of their music away;  
And I thought some spirit had left the spheres,  
To soothe our sorrow, and dry our tears.

Thy lay was like the Æolian lyre's,  
When an angel breathes o'er its silken wires;  
For memory slept with the rising strain,  
In a dream of bliss till it ceased again.



## FLORA CHANGED TO A LILY

When Flora, in her earliest days,  
Taught her young buds to blossom round ;  
She bade them freshen, as the rays  
Of morning glittering o'er the ground.

She chose the loveliest that grew,  
And placed them at Apollo's shrine ;  
For they were fresh and budding new,  
And worthy of the Power divine.

Apollo pleased with such a boon,  
Attuned his lyre to passions strain,  
And taught his echo, at the tune,  
To wing her airy flight again.

But Venus saw what Love had done,  
And, jealous of her Flora's power,  
Transformed her e'er another sun,  
From beauty's form to beauty's flower.



When morning came, Apollo's rays  
Flew quickly where they loved to rest,  
But soon he found their cheering blaze  
Was beaming on a lily's breast.

And where her smile once played alone,  
And taught the god of light to smile,  
A dew-drop glistened, while his song  
By her unheeded was the while.

And now at summer time e'er morn  
Breaks beauteous in the glowing sky,  
The brilliant Queen looks down upon  
Her lily bending tearfully.

But ever flies as light appears,  
Ashamed to meet the god of day,  
Who always looks her into tears,  
Until she weeps herself away !







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